

THE CHILDREN OF THE OTHER HALF.

THEIR HOMES, THEIR LIVES, THEIR PERILS, THE HELPING
HANDS HELD OUT TO THEM.

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ONE of the most noteworthy tendencies of modern civilization is the flocking of people into great cities. In 1790, only one-thirtieth of our country's population lived in cities of over 8,000 inhabitants; in 1890, nearly one-third. In 1790, there were only six cities in our country with a population of 8,000 or more, while in 1890 there were four hundred and forty-eight.

The causes of this great increase in urban population are of far-reaching importance to our social life both within and without our cities. But they are too numerous to mention or be dwelt upon here. Suffice it to say that, with the growth of city population, city problems and perils have kept pace. In our cities, too, are presented the most startling contrasts. The densest ignorance, the deepest poverty, the wildest intemperance, and the darkest crime serve as an effective background for great universities, for splendid palaces, for exalted homes, and noblest endeavor. The most beautiful of physical environments lie side by side with the most wretched; the highest types of manhood are jostled in the streets by the most debased. Never before in human history were there concentrated in so small a space such contrasts between men and homes and lives. Never before did so many grave municipal, industrial, and moral problems spring up in the path of advancing civilization and demand speedy solution.

But the problem which is my present concern is that of the children of the poor. I desire to tell you, first, of their homes in the tenement houses and shanties of New York and Philadelphia; secondly, of their life upon the streets; and, lastly, of the helping hands held out to lift them up from misery and crime.

Richard Watson Gilder has written a beautiful sonnet, whose lines, I doubt not, are familiar. In it he expresses his love and admiration of that part of New York City in which stands Washington's Arch:

This is the end of the town that I love the best.
Oh, lovely the hour of light from the burning West—
Of light that lingers and fades in the shadowy square,
Where the solemn fountain lifts a shaft in the air
To catch the skyey colors, and fling them down

In a wild-wood torrent that drowns the noise of the town.
And lovely the hour of the still and dreamy night
When, lifted against the blue, stands the arch of white
With one clear planet above, and the sickle moon,
In curve reversed from the arch's marble round,
Sivers the sapphire sky. Now soon, ah, soon
Shall the city square be turned to holy ground
Through the light of the moon and the stars and the glowing flower, —
The Cross of light that looms from the sacred tower.

Not far from this cross of light and arch of white, the one a symbol of Christian love and sacrifice, the other erected to the memory of him who did so much to make America a land of freedom and opportunity to the poor, there lies a quarter of the town which Mr. Gilder does not love so well, but which, as chairman of a Tenement-House Committee, he has studied carefully and reported on faithfully. It is to this quarter of the city that I now ask your attention.

"Mulberry Bend" in New York City has long been noted as the centre of New York's Italy. The tide of immigration setting in from southern Italy has reached its high-water mark here, and has left its stamp upon the houses and their tenants. For many years the Health Department fought bravely against the elements of physical and moral degeneration which it brought in with it; but overcrowding, crime, and disease continued to flourish here so persistently that the powers that be were at last aroused to decree the pulling down of the old tenements and the growing of grass and trees in their stead. This transformation of an ulcerous sore on the civic body into a healthy lung, a process commenced six years ago, is still dragging its weary length along.

Running off from the "Bend," like cross passages in a sewer, are scores of paths that are dark and crooked and lined with towering tenements. These are the homes of New York's other half. And what a motley crew they are! Every race, every land, almost every nation, tongue, and kindred is represented here. And so great has been the influx of strangers into our large cities, that they have made some parts of them foreign lands to their native-born inhabitants. In New York and Philadelphia, while the foreign-born in the city at large form thirty-four per cent of the inhabitants, the foreign-born in the tenement districts constitute sixty-two per cent; and while those of foreign parentage form sixty-nine per cent of the people at large, they constitute ninety-three per cent of the dwellers in the slums.

One of the most notorious of the short alleyways or passages running off from the "Bend" is (or rather was, for it is now a part of the park) "Bandits' Roost," which took its name, unfortunately, from the character of its inhabitants. There are many such alleys, tenanted by just such people. But, on the other hand, we must not be too hasty

in ranking all the denizens of such abodes in the bandits' class. The pity of it is that thousands of New York's honest wage-earners have no other place in which to live. The meagreness of their incomes, contrasted with the expense of transit from the suburbs to their places of employment, does not permit them to seek for homes at a distance from Bandits' Roosts. When we remember that seventy-six per cent of New York's workmen, and ninety-seven per cent of its working women, receive less than \$10 per week in wages, we must recognize their difficulty, and not marvel at their indifference to seeking better quarters elsewhere.

Thanks to the triumphs of modern engineering, we are enabled to build one city above another, and thus house seventy per cent of a city's population within a small fraction of its area. This fact is largely accomplished by means of towering tenement houses, known as "double-deckers." They are in many cases fashionable old residences, so cut up into rooms that without increasing their breadth or depth they accommodate two families on each floor, and eight families in all, instead of the original one.

In the houses built for purely tenement purposes the depth of the house is increased until it occupies from eighty-six to ninety per cent of the lot, and by splitting the rooms down the middle, each floor is made to accommodate four families. Then the house is run up to five stories in height, and gives shelter, though not much else, within its walls to twenty families, including frequently one hundred people, sometimes increased by fifty or more boarders and lodgers. For example, in a house in Crosby Street, there were found one hundred and one adults and ninety-one children; and in two houses on Mulberry Street one hundred and fifty boarders were found sleeping on the floors. When a single house is thus made to contain the population of a good-sized village, it may well be said that there are less square feet of the earth's surface allotted to each man, woman, and child in some wards of New York City than are allowed for them in the most crowded country graveyard. New York, at least, denies the truth of Bryant's striking lines, that "All who tread the earth are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

Not only have the old Knickerbocker mansions been changed into "double-deckers," but their former gardens, also, have been made to grow such fruit as gardens never grew before. It is here that the rear tenement has sprung up, and brought it to pass that ninety-three per cent of the lots is often built upon, instead of the seventy per cent which the law nominally prescribes. Surrounded on all sides as these tenements are by higher buildings, and cut off from air and light to such an extent that the tenants of the lower floors must resort to the use

of oil or candle at midday beneath a cloudless sky, it is no wonder that, like Saul, they have killed their thousands. In one ward of New York, while the death-rate of single houses was twenty-nine to the thousand, the presence of the rear tenements brought it up to sixty-two; and in twenty-four wards, where the average death-rate for houses standing singly on the lot was twenty-two, the average for front and rear houses was twenty-eight. To infants, in particular, the rear tenements have proved terribly fatal. While the death-rate of children under five years of age in single tenements in one ward was one hundred and ten, their death-rate in front and rear tenements was two hundred and five; in twelve wards, where the average death-rate in single tenements was ninety, in front and rear it was one hundred and four. If it were possible to make a comparison between single tenements and rear tenements alone, these startling figures would be still larger.

Death's warning finger has at last been heeded, and during the summer of 1896 the Health Department condemned eighty-four of these human slaughterhouses. This salutary action was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Gilder's Committee, who carefully investigated the condemned houses and showed that the result of unsanitary conditions was a death-rate in these tenements during the past five years of from 22.02 to 75.05 in the thousand, while the city's death-rate was less than 22.

When we find houses, seven stories in height, occupied by thirty-six families, and families of father, mother, twelve children, and six boarders, living in two-roomed homes, we may appreciate the startling fact that one district of the eleventh ward in New York contains 986.4 persons to every one of its thirty-two acres. Imagine it if you can! Boston, with only fourteen times as many people, occupies a space six hundred and ninety times as large; and even in its most densely populated quarter (Ward 16) Boston has only 184.16 persons to the acre, as against 986 in New York.

There was a time when the great tenements were supposed to be a decided improvement over the old rookeries and shanties, and from some points of view they undoubtedly were so. A number of these old wooden structures still remain. Many of the evils connected with the larger tenements are found here in an exaggerated form. Overcrowding is one of the worst. In these two-story-and-attic houses, which were built to hold one family, there are often found eight families. These shanties, too, in common with their larger fellows, are peculiarly liable to be set on fire. While less than one-third of New York's buildings are tenement houses, among them occur annually more than one-half of the city's fires; and, despite the efforts of a superb fire department, these fires have for years resulted annually, on

the average, in the death of sixteen persons, the serious injury of forty-nine, and the financial ruin of many a struggling family.

A rear tenement which is perhaps the most notorious in the sanitary and criminal records of New York is the famous Gotham Court. Its Quaker builder designed it to be a model tenement, and doubtless it was superior in some respects to the shanties which sheltered most of the city's poor in 1852 when it was built. It speedily became, however, only one more striking illustration of the evil effects of ignorant philanthropy. During the past five years its death-rate has been one hundred per cent higher than the city's, and last July (1896) the Board of Health prohibited it from future habitation. I visited the Court not long ago, and although the heat of the sun was tempered by the great stone walls on either side, it was a grewsome place to enter. The pavement, slimy with indescribable filth, was littered with garbage and refuse of every order; beneath it was a sewer, exuding its rank moisture and horrible odors to mingle with the dampness and odors of the court itself; above, from side to side of the alleyway, were stretched lines of newly washed clothing, dripping their water upon the children playing below. Many of them were Italian children, and fortunately in most places where Italians dwell a slight reminder of sunny Italy is to be found in the shape of boxes of growing vines and flowers placed on the fire escapes and struggling for life amid their desolate surroundings. These and the playing children were the only bright things in that dreary place. Outside, the torrid rays of the summer sun made the street almost unbearable. But here, too, was an evidence of God's love and man's charity; for not far away was a place for the free distribution of ice, and near it a settlement of noble young women who are devoting their time and strength to the alleviation of the suffering, and the elevation of the characters, of their poverty-stricken neighbors.

Although the average number of people in the most densely crowded ward of Philadelphia is only 7.5 to a dwelling, while the corresponding number in New York is 38.5, yet Philadelphia also has its slums. Here is a rear tenement on Monroe Street in the City of Brotherly Love. The ground on which it stands was once a pleasant garden; but rents are dear to the landlord's heart, and the garden gave way to the tenement. What a place is this for human beings to call home! Is it strange that crime should flourish in such environments as these, and that from this very tenement the Children's Aid Society in Philadelphia should receive into its charge a boy only *ten years old* convicted of assault and battery on a man?

In many cases the home is no better than the house and its surroundings. Dirt, darkness, and disease are the fatal trio ever-present

in many tenement homes. Dirt may not be always a cause of discomfort, but it certainly promotes disease. Personal uncleanness is largely responsible for the diseases of the eye which are so common among the poor; it is an efficient promoter of typhoid fever and smallpox; by retarding the excretory action of the skin, it throws an extra strain upon, and often permanently injures, other vital organs of the body; and by thus reducing the physical strength of wage-earners it arrays itself as an additional enemy against them in their struggle for existence. But unclean habits are not due solely to the laziness or indifference of the tenants. When there are no apartments for bathing purposes separate from the common living rooms, and when all the water used has to be carried up three or four flights of stairs from a hydrant in the yard below, the landlord who refuses or neglects to provide bathing facilities must bear a large share of the blame. That such facilities are lacking in the vast majority of tenement houses is shown by the fact that only one-third of New York's tenements have water in them, and that only 306 persons out of a total of 255,033 investigated by Mr. Gilder's Committee have access to bathrooms in the houses in which they live! Nor has the city furnished adequate bathing facilities. Its baths are open only during the summer months, and although the aggregate number of baths taken is considerable, the number of persons who take them is comparatively small. That an environment of dirt is not preferred by the poor, is evinced by the salutary effect which asphalt pavements and an efficient street-cleaning service have on the persons, dress, and character of the people.

Turning now from the tenement house, which too often affords no true home to the children of the other half, let us glance at their life upon the streets. For most of them this street life begins in babyhood, and for many it lasts on through life, weaving many a thread in their characters for better or for worse. When contrasted with the dismal tenement home, it has its gleams of brightness, and sometimes leads to nobler lives and higher things; but much more often, alas, it leads to yet lower moral depths, and casting its fatal spell upon its devotees, proves the chief obstacle to adult reform. Its greatest attraction for the little child is freedom, — freedom from the narrow walls of home and relaxation in God's air and sunshine. For the "little mother," however, it means a still greater burden of care and responsibility, for to her are intrusted the younger children. It has been my privilege to know many of these "little mothers," and I think you can search the wide world over and find no nobler examples of patience and long-suffering than they afford. The manifold difficulties with which they have to deal develop in them a rare degree of watchfulness and readiness of resource, as well as patience, and fit them admirably for the walk of life

they often fill, — that of nurse-girl to the children of their more fortunate fellow men.

As yet, playfulness is natural in youth, and it is not wanting in the children of the poor. They have their sports, and enjoy them hugely, though they sometimes play them roughly. The hand-organ is not to them an instrument of torture, but forms the inspiring centre of many a gleeful ring of dancers or choir of singers; and the aristocratic waltz is danced gracefully by boys and girls, who the next moment join lustily in "Poverty Row" or "Paradise Alley." "King William Was," "The Mulberry Bush," and "Ring around a Rosy" are played as merrily in the poorest streets and alleys of our cities as they could be in parks where royalty rides and such things as roses and bushes are really found. The streets are these children's only playground, and although they have much true merriment there, thanks to their own irrepressible good spirits, it is a shameful reproach to our civilization that they have no others. Central Park and Fairmount Park are miles away from those who need them most, and the few small squares that exist "downtown" are too sacred to be trampled by children's feet — except on gravelled walks. With growing efficiency of administration, our streets, too, are becoming, from some points of view, less attractive as children's playgrounds; for now all empty trucks are banished from them, and these were once prime sources of amusement.

The boys delight in such games as "black man," "caddy," "marbles," and "leapfrog," and despite the vigilance of the police, indulge their delight in baseball and the flying of kites. The "shooting of craps" is a favorite game, but one which is not free from both moral and legal censure, for it is dishonest in itself, and cultivates in the boy that love of gambling which proves the ruin of so many men.

The girls, too, until the struggle for existence ties them to the factory, shop, or sewing machine, spend most of their time upon the streets. And when the cares of a "little mother" do not serve as a safeguard, they are led into all sorts of mischief, and contract tastes and habits which blast their own happiness in later life and unfit them for the task of making home "the sacred refuge of our race."

To the thousands of "little toilers" I can do no more than refer. In New York City alone there are said to be more than 100,000 laboring children. Their occupations are many and various, ranging from making dresses to running errands, and from keeping books to blacking boots. Bootblacking was once the easiest entry into the world of business for the poorest boys; but this industry, too, has felt the influence of foreign competition, and the adult Italian, with his comfortable chair and elaborate outfit, has almost monopolized the polishing business.

Thanks to the enterprise of our great daily papers, and to the om-

nivorous reading of them by our American public, the business of newspaper selling enlists thousands of city boys. Our ears, as we walk or ride downtown, have but too much reason to testify to the energy with which newsboys drive their traffic; and in spite of the small price of each paper, their profits are by no means inconsiderable. I have met some brisk little fellows in New York and Philadelphia, whose earnings from this source amount to seven, eight, and even nine dollars per week. Many of them have invalid parents, or widowed mother, and younger brothers and sisters, to whose support their earnings must be contributed. But many others, who are friendless and homeless, waste their substance in riotous living, having feasts now and then at News-boy's Delmonicos, playing recklessly in policy games, or purchasing an evening with melodramatic heroes and heroines in the cheap playhouses on the Bowery.

From the theatre they go with but few cents in their pockets, to some cheap lodging-house to spend the night. A numerous class of these houses charge seven cents a night for what is called by courtesy a bed. Although these places are doubtless more comfortable, physically, than the sheltered doorway or sidewalk grating over some underground furnace, which were long the only alternatives for thousands of homeless wanderers, yet it may be readily understood how naturally vice and crime flourish in them. Their charges range from seven cents to thirty-five cents per lodging, and it is to be hoped that their moral character improves with more comfort and higher prices. In New York City on Sept. 30, 1896, there were one hundred and twelve of these houses, with a capacity of 16,275 people, a fact which gives us some idea as to the size of the army of homeless men and boys.

Another nursery of crime, still worse, perhaps, than the low lodging-houses, because more omnipresent, is the saloon. In some parts of our cities may be found a dozen or more saloons in a single block, and in many places, where streets intersect, these schools of crime are in full operation on each of the four corners. On Oliver Street there is a block in which there are thirteen saloons. There are nearly 8,000 saloons and barrooms in New York, and only four hundred churches; and while the churches are closed or unused the greater part of each week, the saloons are open and active at nearly all hours of the day and night, Sundays, until very recently, not excepted. All saloons pretend to do a legitimate business, but many of them are trysting-places of "crooks" and the hatching-places of crime. That they are not brought strictly under the régime of the law is due to the fact that they are the property of, or are shielded by, the political boss of the ward. And we are all of us but too well aware of the potent influence wielded by liquor-dealers in our Boards of Aldermen and in all depart-

ments of the municipal service. There is a saloon operated and owned by a former alderman for the Tenth Ward in New York City. I visited this saloon one Sunday night before Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous reforms were inaugurated, and although it was owned by one of the city's rulers, I found its side door, or family entrance, open and liquor being sold on the Sabbath in flagrant violation of law. Another noteworthy fact in regard to "Silver-Dollar Smith's" saloon is that its floors and counters are decorated with eight hundred silver dollars embedded in them. This is an evidence of the pains which are taken to make saloons attractive; and when we contrast the warmth and light and music to be found in them in winter, and the coolness and gayety in summer, with the dreary cold or torrid heat and crowds and dirt of the home or street, it is not much wonder that the saloon is fatally attractive. And its attractiveness means inevitable ruin, — especially to the children. In the words of Mr. Jacob Riis, "The saloon is a breeder of poverty and corrupter of politics; it brings suffering into the lives of thousands of innocent victims; it fosters crime and shields criminals; and, worst of all, it corrupts the children. From the moment when, almost a baby, the boy is sent to the saloon to carry thence the beer and whiskey for his parents, he is never out of its reach, and the two form a partnership that lasts through life." I have a picture that shows a whole family, including a three-year-old baby, dead drunk and being taken to the hospital, having eaten nothing for a week.

Coming from such homes as those I have attempted to describe, and encountering such stumbling-blocks and pitfalls as abound in the street, their only playground, in the lodging-house, their frequent shelter, and in the saloon, their omnipresent and fatally attractive ally, it is little wonder that thousands of children of the other half find their path in life cut short at some time sooner or later by prison bars. One of the cells for juvenile delinquents under the age of sixteen years is located in that one of New York's jails which is given the melancholy but appropriate name of the Tombs. Buried here lies many a glowing hope of ambitious boyhood, many a golden possibility of growing into a useful, honest manhood. If the young delinquent, just entered on the path of crime, meet here, as even now sometimes happens, criminals older than himself, he listens eagerly to their account of the great deeds that sent them there. Then, released after some weeks or months of training from this school of crime, he returns to the world with the jailbird's brand upon him, and, repelled from good by the coldness of honest men, and enticed to evil by the warm praises of dishonest ones, he pushes boldly on upon the criminals' path and lands at last for life behind penitentiary bars. Or if perchance he escape the felon's doom of life imprisonment, his career is made up alternately of

outbreaks of petty crimes and of confinement within prison walls for varying terms, until at length, in premature old age, despairing of this life and the life to come, he plunges into the sullen waters of New York's harbor, and is carried thence by way of the city's morgue to Potter's Field, where nameless paupers' graves receive one-tenth of all who die in New York City.

Such is the evolution of the "tough." This last is surely a repulsive picture. One would scarcely believe that humanity could sink so low. But we must not be too ready to judge of possibilities for moral reform by external appearances alone. Beneath the roughest of exteriors there often exists some vestige of true manhood. Some gleam of the spark divine remains, which needs only the breath of brotherly kindness to fan it into flame. Let us not be discouraged then in the task of reforming fallen men and women. There must be some chord in them which will respond in harmony when touched aright.

But it is with children that the most promising and withal the most important work must be done. For, aside from the rescue of human lives from misery and human souls from death, we may not forget that these children of the tenements are to be our country's future rulers, and the parents of its future citizens. Even now the reclamation of the children often has great influence on the parents' reform. This would seem to be the solution of the problem of the slums: "A little child shall lead them."

Let me turn now from the shadows of child-life in the tenement districts, and allude briefly to the helping hands which are soothing its hardships and lifting it to a higher plane. In view of the multitude of charitable agencies engaged in the work of aiding children, it will be possible to refer to only a few of them, selecting some typical ones, without intending, of course, any invidious comparisons.

The shadow of a pauper or selfish parentage is cast upon many hundreds of infants, who are left at birth to the charity of strangers. Sister Irene's Foundling Asylum and Hospital in New York City has taken up this work, and nearly 25,000 homeless waifs, forsaken by their own mothers, have been cared for there by Sisters of Charity. As soon as the cradle stage is passed, the asylum children enter the kindergarten class, and there they lead a merry, happy life. The depressing features of so many other asylums are wanting here, and it is indeed a charming sight to see these children of misfortune laughing and singing at their games, or clustering with bright, eager faces and merry greetings around the visitor, and waving a forest of small hands in farewell.

Three years of sunshine follow the child's first stormy advent to the asylum's crib, during which time the mother is privileged to claim

her own again; then the Sisters seek a suitable home for it in some place outside the city. The number of applications from those desiring to adopt these children is large, and some of them are quite amusing. For instance: "Will the good Sisters send my wife and myself a smart, stout, saucy boy of six — Irish parentage?" "We would like a little girl between three and five years old, with dark auburn or brown hair and blue eyes. She *must* have a pretty nose." "Your agent has promised me a nice little red-haired boy. I have a red-haired wife and five red-headed girls, and we want a boy to match!"

When the Children's Aid Society is mentioned, one inevitably thinks of its founder, Mr. Charles Loring Brace. Mr. Brace, while studying for the ministry about forty-five years ago, wandered through the downtown streets of New York City in search of boys to attend the Sunday-School meetings he had established for them. But so impressed was he by the multitude of forlorn children who, apparently, were thrown upon their own resources for physical, mental, and spiritual nourishment, that he determined to devote his life to them.

The first problem with which he grappled was how to provide comfortable beds for them, which should take the place of doorways, boxes, and empty carts in which he found them sleeping. Commencing in a modest way by fitting up a loft, he succeeded after twenty years in having erected the first Newsboys' Lodging-house. In twenty years more, six other lodging-houses were established; and in the forty years more than 200,000 homeless boys and girls have received supper, bath, and shelter in these homes.

The rudiments of an education are provided for by the Society in its twenty-one day schools, thirteen night schools, and seven reading-rooms; and not only has simple instruction been given in these schools to the 100,000 children for whom the public schools have not found room, but judicious gifts of meals and clothing have rescued them from shop or factory and enabled them to use the opportunity for mental growth held out to them.

But what the Children's Aid Societies stand for most of all, perhaps, is the sending of vagrant children from the city's streets and placing them in farmers' homes. They believe that the best of all asylums for the outcast child is the "home with the little 'h'," which Kate Douglas Wiggin in her charming story of "Timothy's Quest" has so well described: "The cosy little home, with the sweet daily jumble of lap-trotting, gentle caressing, endearing words, twilight stories, motherly tucks-in-bed, good-night kisses, — all the dear, simple, everyday accompaniments of the home with the little h."

Ninety thousand children have been sent to such homes throughout the country by the New York society, and the Philadelphia society has

distributed its thousands too. Best of all, it is stated from careful records of each case, that eighty-five per cent of these have turned out well, and only two per cent have grown into evil men.

There are countless instances which go to prove the power of a good environment. Who can wonder that amid the circumstances of slum life Jimmie H——— should have grown to be what the judge pronounced him, an "incorrigible delinquent"? But experience has proved that it needed only a home of different environment to create in Jimmie obedient and industrious habits.

When the annual exodus occurs in summer from the hot streets of the city to the seashore and the mountains, thousands of children are left behind to combat the heat and squalor of their tenement homes as best they may. To amuse, interest, and instruct these children, the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor conducts six vacation schools. Until one has visited these schools and seen and felt the enjoyment and interest manifest in them, it may seem strange that they should be so popular in vacation time. And yet during the past summer, 4,423 children attended them. The meanness and poverty of home and street must be borne in mind in order to appreciate aright the attractiveness of the schools; but these have in themselves many sources of pleasure for the children of the poor. To many of them, a new and beautiful world is revealed through the kindergarten's games and songs and dainty devices. The sewing class appeals in a practical way to the older girls. The boys find fascination and often a latent talent in modelling forms of bird, beast, and fish, flower and fruit, in yielding clay. While the carpentry class calls forth the utmost energy and enthusiasm in even the hottest days of summer. It is not only the thought of a future livelihood and the friendly rivalry in the present that inspire with unflagging zeal the efforts of these youthful carpenters; it is the divine love of creating, which is felt as truly by them as by the scholar, the artist, and the poet; and such work cannot fail to benefit them æsthetically and morally, as well as physically and financially.

The suffering and tribulations of tenement children during the hot days of summer have called forth more sympathy than any of their other trials, and a great variety and amount of so-called "summer charity" is undertaken in their behalf. Among the most interesting and useful work of this kind is that done by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, under the efficient management of Dr. William Howe Tolman. This Association, the oldest and largest relief-giving agency in the city, is well known for its public baths, vacation schools, labor bureau, and vacant-lot farms. Its summer charity includes three excursions weekly to west Coney Island, where 15,000

women and children have been taken during the past season, supplied with a simple lunch in the pavilion on the beach, and furnished with bathing suits for a plunge in the sea.

The Association maintains a Home for Convalescent Mothers and Infants, where ten days or a fortnight of rest and recreation have saved many a fragile life, and where simple lessons in sanitation and physiology are given to ignorant mothers. A Home for Convalescent Children is maintained also by the Association, and in the two were entertained during the past summer, one hundred and twenty-eight women and five hundred and twenty-one children for an average stay of eleven days. "Recreation plus Education" is the motto which has been placed in spirit, though not in letters, above the portals of the summer homes; and it is designed that all who enter there should not only leave behind them for a time the misery of a life of sordid poverty, but that they should shake off also the bonds of ignorance and vicious habits, and with widened intellectual horizons and higher morals ideals, should receive a knowledge of some simple truths which would be to them a source of lasting inspiration. The Homes' abundant resources of sea and land, of beach and meadow, and a corps of trained workers, are doing much to realize the Association's aim of establishing a "Chautauqua for the Poor." A fortnight's stay in a Home, neat, clean, and well supplied with food and furniture; practical talks by a trained nurse on the care of infants and domestic sanitation and hygiene; games and scrap-books, songs and recitations, under the lead of a kindergarten; expeditions for the capture of fish and crabs, the finding of shells and seaweed, and for the study of the multiform flora and fauna of a meadow behind the beach, together with plain, simple talks by a teacher of natural history on the growth and habits of these creatures of sea and land; a cooking-teacher's lessons in the purchase of wholesome, inexpensive food, and the best and cheapest way of cooking it; and last, but not least, contact with higher ideals of human life and the cleansing, ennobling joys of the great salt ocean, — these are the means by which the Association has sought to convert "Fresh-air Charity" into "Recreation plus Education."

THE TALE OF TWO HORSES:

A POLITICAL ROMAUNT OF THE THIRTIES.

BY HUBERT M. SKINNER.

HIS Serene Highness, the Sultan of Marocco, had an idea.

The fact of itself was not phenomenal; for this son of the Prophet, cousin of the moon and of other heavenly bodies, while not a prophet or a heavenly body himself, was a rather clever man as Barbary sultans go, and had made something of a success in the imperial line. After serving an apprenticeship as Governor of Fez, Muley Abderrahman had seized the throne of his uncle, Muley Solyman, in 1822, overthrown the false prophet Sidi Meheddi Sheradi, and caused all competitors *in posse* to reflect upon the pleasures of private life and the vanity of worldly ambition.

Although the industries of piracy and man-stealing were now in terms abolished, Muley governed, as far as possible, strictly on Mohammedan lines. The collection of taxes was farmed out to the most insatiate of human vampires. Jews were legitimate and delectable morsels for the appetites of excisemen. Christian "dogs" that were wrecked upon the coast still brought, occasionally, the highest prices ever paid for canines of any species, and were secretly hurried south (where they were warranted never to suffer from cold), to be disposed of in a manner which spared their friends any agonizing information as to their fate.

Gold and silver were not lavished in the extravagance of pure money, but were economically mixed with metals which were easily obtained. No treasure was wasted upon hospitals, almshouses, or jails. These were institutions of Christian dogs, who drank wine and gambled and fed upon swine in benighted nations of Europe, and they did not commend themselves to the pious Muley. Thieves were bastinadoed, unfaithful women were drowned, and now and then a Moslem heretic was thrown from the top of a tower, to be caught and disembowelled upon sharp, projecting arms of iron. People who were disposed to question the admirable character of the amiable Sultan's methods were hung upon hooks inserted below the lower jaw, or were simply bowstrung and dropped into the harbor to feed fishes.

While all was peace and order at home, His Serene Highness had to keep a sharp lookout abroad. He must have one eye on the Sultan of Turkey, who exacted some tokens of vassalage. He must send, each year, a present of money to that sublime potentate, with apologies